

KANOUSKY  
OR  
THE YOUNG INDIAN

УЗУОДДА  
10  
ДАУА ОЛДА

RB113,882

\$15-

(-)

92/23 0  
Mol. m

Want to

# KANOUSKY

OR,

## THE YOUNG INDIAN.

A TRUE STORY.

REPRINTED FROM "THE LITTLE GLEANER."

---

Any profits arising from the sale of this Tract will be devoted to the keeping up a fund to support a Charity School, and to print works on truth.

May be had post free from the Editor of *The Little Gleaner*, Shefford, Beds, by enclosing 6 stamps, or bound in two styles for 8 or 12 stamps.

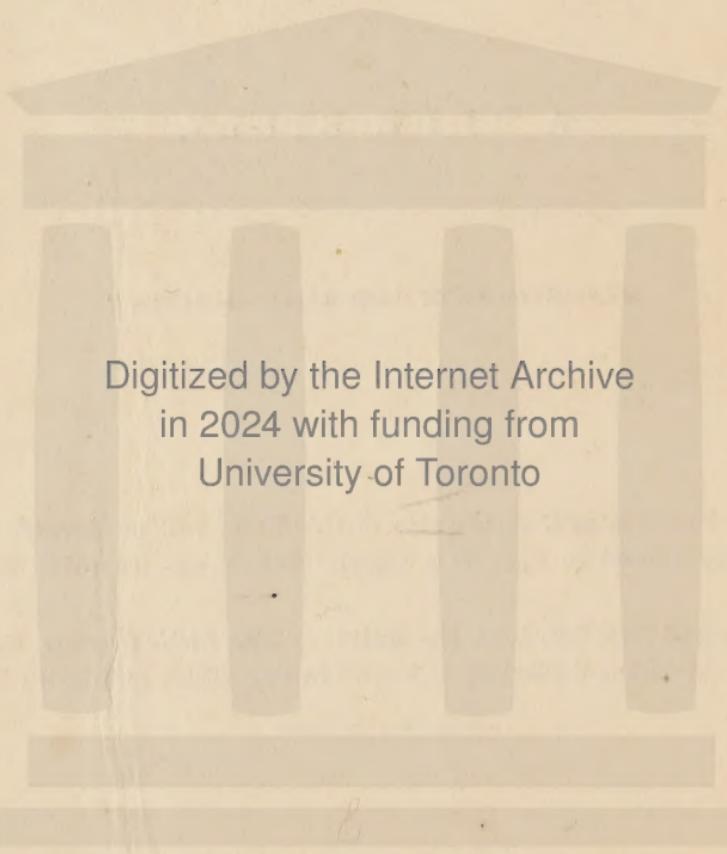
---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, CITY PRESS,  
ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

---

1862.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2024 with funding from  
University of Toronto



## KANOUSHKY.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BATTLE.

IT is well known, that not unfrequently the most desperate conflicts take place between different tribes in North America. It was early on a summer's morning, when two tribes met on the banks of a river, that a battle commenced

between the parties, which terminated in the defeat and almost the destruction of one tribe. The prisoners were reserved for a cruel death; and among these unhappy people was the wife of a chief, with her little son, a child who apparently had not reached the age of seven years. She lay at a little distance from the spot on which the battle had been fought, and which was now strewed with the dead bodies of her late associates, lamenting her hard fate. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked at her little boy, whom she had fondly hoped would one day signalize himself among his tribe for his valour; but all was lost: she might indeed be spared, should any of the victors be disposed to take her for a wife; or she might be slain, and then her son would be allied to that tribe which had destroyed his own, save a few persons who had escaped by flight. Her husband, whom she had sincerely loved, and by whom likewise she had been tenderly loved, was amongst the slain, and she now wished only an end should be put to her existence, which had become miserable; she hoped therefore that the enemy would deprive her of life. Yet again, when she cast her eyes upon her child, she wished to live, for his sake. She considered that she might escape, and began to look

on every side for that purpose ; but no opportunity occurred : all eyes were upon her, and upon the the other unfortunates. She saw them slain one after another, and beheld the little ones led away ; and now she expected herself to be despatched, and to be torn for ever from her only child : yet no one approached her with any hostile intention. She was indeed rather of a dark complexion, but had a great regularity of features, with a graceful person and fine flowing hair, and was considered beautiful ; —to this circumstance she perhaps owed her life.

At length, she saw no one looking toward the place where she sat ; her enemies were busily engaged in examining the valuables which were scattered about the ground for some distance. She seized the opportunity, put her fingers upon the lips of the child, thus indicating the necessity of silence (which sign the child had been taught to understand), and then she bade him carefully follow her. She silently crept along the ground ; the boy did the same : in a few minutes they got among the bushes, and were not long before they entered a wood. She arose, and then taking the child by the hand, said, “Kanousky, we must run !” Neither she nor the child had been unaccustomed to this exercise. They quickened their pace till they

were a considerable distance from their enemies ; and they would have proceeded further, but fatigue compelled them to stop and take rest. Whether the enemies pursued we know not, for she saw them no more.

Sazia (for that was her name) was so overcome with bodily exertion, and by the distress which her mind had sustained, that she sank into a deep sleep : her boy was not long before slumber closed his eyes, and they both slept till the next morning's sun darted its friendly beams upon them. She awoke some time before her child. At first, when looking around, she seemed lost in astonishment ; sleep had for a little while removed from her that weight of trouble which the day before had almost overwhelmed her. But too soon did the Indian widow call to mind the sad events of yesterday. She was lost in thought, but involuntarily turning her head, she saw her boy sleeping near her side ; then the big tears rushed from her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks. She seemed deprived of all comfort. The transactions of the day before, which had been so numerous, and which crowded upon her, left then but little time for reflection ; but now she had time for thought, and now too her mind, that had been refreshed with sleep, was more

susceptible than when it was worn by a quick succession of events. She wept, and wept much; great was her trouble, and she had no comforter: she knew not God; how therefore could she pray to Him?



## CHAPTER II.

## THE FARM-HOUSE.

WHEN Kanousky awoke, she pressed him to her bosom, and with him walked away ; but whither she was going she knew not, and as she journeyed, she wept and sobbed deeply.

“ My mother,” said the little Indian, “ why do you cry ? ”

“ All our people are dead, my child ; your father is dead, and you and I are wandering about a wood

of which we know nothing, and I have no food for you."

" Do not cry, my mother, or else I must cry. When I am a man I will revenge the injuries of my own nation."

Such a speech will not excite surprise, when it is known that one of the leading characteristics of the Indians is revenge, and that it is inculcated as a duty upon the children of Indians as soon as they begin to reflect.

" May it be so, my boy," replied Sazia. They continued travelling in an uncertain direction, until one day, when, the mother and child having been in search of some food, such as roots, and whatever they could find upon which they could exist, they were unfortunately separated. The boy saw some wild fowl, which he vainly pursued, hoping to take it; and it was not till after some time, that, finding his chase was useless, he thought of returning to his mother, but he could not retrace his steps. He wandered about till night, and the next morning he attempted to find the place at which he had left his mother, but all his efforts were again useless. His grief we can imagine better than describe, and we may in some degree conceive the depths of that anguish with which the heart of the Indian widow

was afflicted. Kanousky sat down for a long time, not knowing what step to take. At length he ran from place to place, crying out as loud as possible for his mother; but he cried in vain. In the most disconsolate state he wandered about the woods for many days, living upon roots and wild fruits when he could meet with any, until one morning he found himself in an open country, and saw at a distance some men. He was overjoyed at this sight, and ran towards them, hoping that they might be able to give some account of his mother. But as he drew near to them, he perceived that they were a different description of persons from those whom he had been accustomed to see; their dress was new to him, and they carried what he supposed to be weapons, but which were working tools, such as he never before had seen. He stopped; he was afraid of advancing; he was also fearful of returning to the woods, which had been to him, since he lost his mother, most dreary and solitary. While he was debating in his mind what to do, one of the party made signs to him to approach. Kanousky went forward timidly, but yet drew nearer to the men, who did all they could by smiles and signs to show that their intentions were most friendly. The men were the servants of an opulent farmer who resided

in that neighbourhood. They spoke to Kanousky, and Kanousky to them, but all that was said was unintelligible to each party. The little boy in his own language made repeated inquiries for his mother; yet, though they saw that he was in distress, no one could make out what the boy wanted. They had some refreshment with them, part of which they gave him. The child, having this testimony of their kindness, dried up his tears and embraced them one after the other. They were all pleased with him, and, not without his consent, they took him to their master's house. Their master gave him a kind reception.

Kanousky was clothed, and lodged in the farmer's house; and he amused himself in the day-time with some of the labourers' children. They pointed out various things to him, and taught him to call them by their proper names, so that in a very little time he was able to understand many things that were said to him, and to answer almost every question that was put to him. When he could converse pretty tolerably with his new associates, his master thought it was proper to give him some light easy employment, so he was sent out with other lads to weed in the field. He daily increased in the good-will of his master and of all the

servants. After work he used to be very entertaining to his fellow-servants (for we must now consider him in the character of a servant), by exhibiting the various games common among his native tribe.

Thus he continued to be the favourite of all about him, and seemed to be as happy as any of them, except when he thought of his mother, the remembrance of whom frequently came across his mind ; and then he was exceedingly depressed.

But, alas ! for Kanousky, he lived among people who seemed to be as ignorant of God as the tribe from which he himself had sprung. They called themselves Christians, but really knew nothing of Christianity. There was not a place of worship of any description within fifty miles, and Sunday was known to them only as a day of pastime and pleasure. The farmer had only the fragment of a New Testament in his house. His desires were limited to this world. He was a very kind and amiable man, but knew nothing of the power of godliness. His servants cared as little about another world as he did ; in short, they never seriously thought about God, or heaven, or hell ;—if they did, they never uttered their thoughts on such subjects ; and when the name of the blessed God was used, it was only in a profane manner.



## CHAPTER III.

## VISIT TO THE TOWN.

IT happened that once a year a servant of the name of Joseph went to the nearest town, which was about fifty miles distant from his master's house. He had on one occasion, when he went there, amused his friends with an account of Kanousky's being found at the side of the wood, of his games and tricks, and of many other things about him which were of an interesting kind. The

last time he was at the town they begged him when he came again to bring Kanousky, with which request he promised to comply, if his master would not oppose it. His master gave him permission to take the Indian, and Kanousky, who was not without that spirit of adventure so common to the tribes in America, caught at the proposal and went. He was well received by Joseph's friends.

How wonderful are the ways of God ; and how often do apparently trifling circumstances lead to the calling in of His ransomed sheep. The visit of Kanousky to the town seemed to be only an ordinary occurrence, but from this journey resulted a most important affair. While he was there—for he remained in that place about a fortnight—he used sometimes to loiter about the town by himself, gazing at every object with wonder and delight ; every thing he saw was quite new to him. He would sometimes amuse himself at the window of a tailor's shop ; then at a cutler's ; then at a watchmaker's ; and so on.

One morning, when he was straying out as usual, he found the shops closed, and the people that he met differently dressed. He knew not what to make of this. As he wandered, he walked forward

till he heard a noise. He listened to ascertain from what quarter it came, and, discovering it, he proceeded towards it. Presently he came to a large building. Here he stopped, and seeing a man about to enter it, he said, "Massa, what for they make that noise in that large house?" The stranger eyed Kanousky for a moment, being surprised at the nature of the question, and wondering who the lad might be that he should thus interrogate him. He thought that it might be only Kanousky's impertinence that dictated such a question to him, and that the imperfect manner in which he spoke might be assumed. Being, however, a worthy man, and not knowing anything about Kanousky, he thought within himself, "Charity hopeth all things; and I'll hope the best." But before he replied, Kanousky, who had sufficient penetration to perceive that the man was deliberating whether or not to answer him, added, "Me no impudent, massa; me Indian, me come here far away with a friend." His simple manner convinced the man that he spoke the truth. The stranger replied, "They are praising God in that house."

"Praising God? what is that?"

"Come in and see," replied the man. Kanousky

followed him into the chapel, and sat down beside him. After the psalm had been sung, and the other part of the service gone through, the minister commenced his sermon from this verse,—“ We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or evil.” In the sermon the minister said much about the awfulness of the day of judgment to wicked people; as Christ would judge men for their thoughts, words, and works.

Kanousky was very attentive during the whole of the sermon. He found every thing the preacher said to be new to him. He felt uneasy as he returned home, thinking that if there were such a place as hell, and such a day to come as the day of judgment, when the wicked would be sent to that land of misery and despair, his lot would be among those who would be punished. He tried, however, to forget what he had heard, but in vain, for it was no light subject on which the preacher had discoursed, and parts of his sermon were at present too deeply engraven upon his mind. These were his reflections:—“ The gentleman tell me I must die: that me know. He say me be sinner, and that God will judge me and punish me. Me never hear

before me be sinner ; me never hear of God or hell. Me will tell Joseph, he set me right."

As soon as he saw Joseph, he said to him, " Well, Joseph, me met with strange thing."

" What's the matter now ?" replied Joseph : " you look, indeed, as though you had met with a strange thing."

" When me leave you," answered the Indian, " me go here and there, through one street or another, till me hear loud noise ; so me try and find out where this noise come from ; me do find out, and it come from large house. Me see one man, and me ask what the noise mean ; he ask me to go in. When me go in, me see a gentleman on high place, and he talk very much ; and he speak about God,—and Christ,—and death,—and judgment,—and hell. He frighten me very much. If what he say be true, you and me, and our servants, be very bad, and we all go to place of punishment when we die."

" Oh ! " said Joseph, " make yourself happy, you need not mind what he says."

" But he make me unhappy ; he talk about the great God, that great God will judge bad people, and send them to hell."

" Don't tease yourself about these things, Kan-

ousky ; you'll do better without them. Why, boy, have you not been happy without knowing anything about them ?”

“ Yes,” replied Kanousky.

“ Well, then, continue to live as you have, and think no more about them, and you'll be as happy as you were.”

“ Me like be happy, Joseph ; but if there be such a place, me no like go to hell when me die ; gentleman say, hell be miserable place.”

“ Pooh !” answered Joseph, “ you won't go to hell, boy.”

“ But is there such a place ?” inquired Kanousky, eagerly.

“ Yes,” said Joseph, with some hesitation.

“ What be such place for ? Who live there ?” asked the Indian.

“ Thieves and murderers go there when they die,” said Joseph.

“ Me like know more about this. But gentleman talk much about God. Me think me hear that name before,” said Kanousky. “ Yes, me hear you cry out that name sometimes, and the other servants sometimes do the same ; and me hear you say, God d—n. You and they often say these when angry, but then me think nothing of it.”

The simplicity of this speech made Joseph laugh, but the lad's observations ought to have excited a different disposition of mind in Joseph. Kanousky, however, waited for an answer: presently Joseph replied, "God made you and all the world."

"God made me and all the world!" exclaimed Kanousky, "me never hear that before. Me like know more about this thing."

"Well," muttered Joseph, "say no more about it now, for we must think of setting out home."



## CHAPTER IV.

## CONSCIENCE SILENCED.

ON their journey home, as they rode along, Kanousky asked many questions about what they had been previously conversing; but the subject was not interesting to Joseph, and he therefore avoided it as much as possible, and talked upon other matters.

In the evening Kanousky retired to rest, but he could not sleep. He still had depicted before his

mind the horrors of the bottomless pit. When he reflected upon his past life, he thought himself wicked, very wicked ; he was afraid to go to sleep, lest he might die and awake in hell. The night following his rest was disturbed by similar reflections.

It was soon evident to every one that something more than ordinary was the matter with him. He lost his wonted cheerfulness, and when he attempted to be as merry as formerly, every one saw that his mirth was but assumed. His master perceived the change, and, having a great regard for his Indian servant, asked him if he were well ?

“ Yes, me very well ; me very well, massa, me thank you,” replied the lad.

“ But you do not appear happy, my boy.”

“ Me be not so happy as me was, massa.”

“ Why not, Kanousky ?”

“ Me been thinking about God and hell.”

“ How came you to think about these subjects ?”

Kanousky here informed his master what we have before stated to our readers respecting his going into the chapel, and what he there heard.

“ Is that all that renders you uncomfortable ?” said his master.

“ Yes, it make me very dull.”

“ Well, then, don’t be unhappy any longer.”

“ Me don’t want to go to hell, massa.”

“ You need not be fearful of that place.”

“ Yes, massa, but gentlemen say me be sinner, and that all sinners go there.”

“ You are no sinner, Kanousky ; only thieves and murderers, and such persons, are sinners. You are a good servant, and do your duty. I wish all the world were as good as you. Go to your work, and be as merry as a lark, boy.”

“ Thank you, massa ; me try to be happy.”

Kanousky began his usual work. His fellow-servants were determined to laugh him out of his religion. As soon as he had joined them, they inquired of him whether he had got rid of his gloomy notions ? He replied that he should try to think of them no longer, and that he hoped to be as merry as formerly.

From this period Kanousky endeavoured to stifle every conviction, and to forget all those subjects which had excited alarm in him. Indeed, he appeared to every one to become more than usually merry.



## CHAPTER V.

## CONVICTION RENEWED.

WHEN God begins His work, He will not allow convictions to be finally stifled. This mercy was displayed towards Kanousky. After he had pursued his sinful career for a time, unchecked by conscience, the words "hell" and "judgment" would rush into his mind, and fill him with terror; and the idea of death would become more and more dreadful. He often said to himself, "All the

people say there is a God, me know me must die, me know me a sinner. Me be told, me believe there is a hell; then me more miserable, for me know when me die me unhappy."

Before his companions he appeared cheerful. However, he did not now dare to propose any sinful pleasure. Inwardly he was torn with remorse for the past, and with dreadful apprehensions of the future; when he found himself alone he would frequently utter these words, "O me, unhappy Kanousky! me know me be sinner, great sinner; O miserable me! What shall me do? Massa say me no sinner, and yet me feel me sinner. Yet why should me be unhappy? But me have something in my heart, me cannot be quiet, and that tell me me be miserable, that me must be unhappy when me die."

Often, when he poured forth these expressions of his tortured heart, he would cast himself upon the ground in an agony of tears, and almost sink into despair. How pitiable was the state of this poor youth—he had heard that which made him miserable; he had, as yet, no comforter. He dared not apply to those around him for counsel, for they derided him, whenever he entered upon the solemn subjects of death and judgment. To please them

he had attempted to stifle conviction ; but he could succeed only for a time, and now the flame within him burst forth with greater heat. Sleep but seldom visited his eyes ; he became almost a stranger to the quiet it affords, except when exhausted nature sank itself into slumber. As he lay sleepless one night, he for the first time remembered, that the minister whom he had heard preach told his hearers to seek mercy of God. Kanousky remembered, too, that the minister spoke to God, though God did not seem present : he felt encouraged from these recollections to pray for mercy, and, accordingly, the greater part of the night he kept fervently supplicating, “ God, have mercy upon me ; I do not see you, but you see and hear me : God, have mercy upon me.” When he arose he felt comforted. Throughout the day, when alone, he still prayed, “ God, have mercy upon me.” This was the substance of his prayer for many months, and he always felt his mind calmed, and in a measure comforted, whenever he used these words. His fellow-servants saw there was a change in him, for he avoided every thing that was wrong ; but, however, they did not know the motive from which he acted, and therefore he did not incur their laughter.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE BIBLE PURCHASED.

A WHOLE year had now passed away since Joseph had been to the town, and he was about to go there again. When the time arrived, Kanousky expressed a wish to be permitted to accompany Joseph, for he thought he should hear more about the solemn subjects which had so much engaged his attention for the last twelve months. His request was granted, and with a most joyful, though

trembling heart, he mounted the horse which was to convey him to the town.

On Sunday, he, according to his intentions, went to the chapel into which he had formerly wandered. Here his mind was agitated between hope and fear alternately. One moment he hoped he should know more about God, and then he was afraid lest that knowledge might make his state of mind worse than it had already been. Presently he saw the same gentleman who had said so much to alarm him last year. When the minister prayed, one part of the prayer very much struck Kanousky. It was this, “That God would in His mercy bring some wandering sinner into that place; and that those who were troubled in their minds might receive that heavenly peace which none can take away.” When the Indian heard these words, he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by many persons, “That me; me wandering sinner, me want comfort.” Those who heard him speak aloud these words, looked upon him, and soon perceived, by his dress, that he was a stranger, though they did not say anything to him, as he seemed not to have intended to disturb the service, but really to feel what he had expressed.

At length the minister commenced his sermon

from these words, “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” In the course of the sermon, he spoke much of God’s goodness in sending His Son to be the Saviour of sinners; and said that, however wicked people had been, if they were led to accept of Christ’s invitation, God would have mercy upon them. Kanousky heard all this with delight; and when at last the congregation dispersed, he eagerly inquired when the minister would preach again? Somebody told him there was to be another service that day in the chapel. He did not fail to attend.

In the course of the day he understood sufficient to be confirmed that he was, what he had felt himself to be, a sinner; and that God’s Son, Jesus Christ, was a Saviour, and that God’s mercy was to be sought through Jesus Christ.

Kanousky remained in the town for a month, as Joseph had much business to transact: in this he found Kanousky very useful to him. During the whole time Kanousky went regularly to the chapel twice every Sunday, He wished very much to speak to the minister before he left the town, but he was afraid; nor did he know any one to whom he could communicate what had taken place in his mind. However, during his residence in the town,

he had become much attached to the children of the house in which he and Joseph took up their abode ; and they, being also very fond of him, had succeeded in teaching him to read the letters of the alphabet, and some easy words. Before he went away he was determined to buy a book, and for that purpose went to a shop and asked for one. The shopkeeper very naturally asked him what book he would have. He replied, he wished for a book such as the gentleman at the chapel read out of. Accordingly the man, who was a religious character, sold him a Bible, and then made him a present of some little easy tracts. Kanousky went out of the shop very happy, thanking the proprietor ; and it was not long before he was on his way home.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE CLUMP OF FIRS.

AFTER Kanousky's arrival at his master's house, he took every opportunity of improving himself in reading; and in no very long time he could read, without much difficulty, a chapter in the New Testament, and also the tracts which the bookseller had kindly given him. He read with an anxious desire to obtain all the knowledge he could from his little library; and as he was in earnest, God

blessed his diligence, so that every month he grew in knowledge.

By comparing himself with the description given by our blessed Lord, he found that his heart was full of sin, that it was also “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” At the same time he experienced within himself that truth, “Without me ye can do nothing;” and found, that it is only by the assistance of God’s Spirit we can overcome sin. He read, and believed also, that this aid is granted to them only who have “repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ;” and that promise of the Saviour encouraged him, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

Kanousky had learned to pray, feeling his need; and many an evening, after he had concluded his work, would he retire into the midst of a large clump of fir-trees, with his Bible and tracts. There he would read, and after having read, he would on his bended knees offer up prayer, praise, and thanksgiving.

His retirement could not but be noticed by his fellow-servants; and they would have derided him for it, but his master, who found Kanousky now the

best servant he had, would not allow them to molest him, observing, that as long as he did not force his religion upon them, they had no right to interfere with him.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening, when Kanousky had withdrawn himself to his favourite clump of firs, that he read the account of the sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Unknown to him, there was a man (who was one of his master's household, and who, wandering that way, amused himself by smoking a pipe), overheard him thus talking to himself, and to his God and Saviour:—“Ah, Kanousky,” said the poor boy in his soliloquy, “you are a great sinner. O! that that dear Saviour should suffer so much! Heart, why do you not feel more sorrow for your wickedness? Break, strong heart; weep rivers of tears. O blessed God, soften my hard heart! My heart grieve, O blessed Saviour, but not enough for my sins. Make me more grieve. Create in me a new heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. O! me love you, my Saviour; when me can, me kiss your wounded hands and feet. But no, Kanousky only Indian boy, that too much honour for Kanousky; but me must, me like to love you. You know me love you, you see my heart. O! me

thank you for bringing me to the town ; me praise you for leading me to the chapel ; me glad me suffer once pain in my heart, else me no feel joy in my heart now, nor hope to go to heaven when me die. But oh ! my dear God and Saviour, remember my massa, and also Joseph, who took me to the town ; and remember my fellow-servants ; make them happy ; make them love you, then they will be happy. Make me good servant ; make me all good. Me deserve no mercy, me deserve punishment ; me great sinner, but dear Saviour say to sinners, ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no-wise cast out.’ Me come to Him for His goodness and love ; me ask for all these blessings.”

While he thus meditated and prayed, tears and smiles, by turns, were on his face. Before he left this spot, he offered up a prayer on behalf of his mother, if she were yet living. The man was struck with astonishment at what he heard, and crept away silently ; from that time he felt a respect for Kanousky, and, if ever he needed an advocate, espoused his cause.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE PERSECUTION.

FOR a long time Kanousky had heard, with much pain, the profane language of those around him, though he had never yet ventured to remonstrate with any one ; but he had often thought it his duty not to hear the name of God taken in vain without saying something. At last he resolved to speak, and accordingly, one day, when much swearing was going on, he said, “ O ! do not swear so ; God is

my dear, my best friend, we should reverence His name." This he uttered with great kindness and mildness of manner; yet the scoffers derided him, and from that day a system of persecution commenced, which he bore with exemplary patience; but he had now indeed learned, when he was reviled, not to revile again; and thus, when they jeered and jested, he prayed for them, and frequently would in a whisper repeat the words of his Saviour, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The man who had been the listener at the side of the clump of firs would sometimes say a little in his behalf; but as they laughed at his interference, and asked him if he were going to be a saint, he was soon intimidated and became silent; yet he always acted kindly to Kanousky, and his kindness increased to the Indian lad in proportion as their hatred became more rooted. The servants, indeed, could allege nothing against Kanousky, but his deeds and words were such as condemned theirs; and as the ancient Scribes and Pharisees hated the Saviour because their darkness would not endure His light, so they disliked Kanousky.

The world loves its own. Our Indian was not of the world, but had become a citizen of the New

Jerusalem. The master saw that something was amiss, and was sorry; for though he knew nothing about religion, he loved peace. He interfered, and, as Kanousky seemed to be of the weaker party, espoused his cause. This produced ill-will against him, as well as against Kanousky; and the malcontents at last declared, that either Kanousky should leave the house, or that they would seek work elsewhere. The master, who cared and thought about his worldly affairs too much to act in such a case strictly according to equity, told Kanousky he must part with him, and that this happened in consequence of the resolution which all his servants had taken. He tried, however, with good words to console the lad; and having given him some money, in a few days our young Indian departed from his service. The man who had at times been his friend also took a kind leave of him.

Before he left, he, in the presence of his master, besought God to bless him, and all his household; and he declared that he left them all in peace and love, and hoped that they would part with him in the same spirit. In token of his good-will, he shook each of them by the hand. The servants were surprised and ashamed at witnessing his con-

duct ; and some of them were even sorry, when they saw Kanousky walk away with his bundle of clothes. But their pride was too great to permit them to express their feelings, and they and Kanousky now parted, perhaps never to meet again in this world.

As the youth, for he was now seventeen years of age, walked away, he felt troubled ; and when he had reached some little distance from the house, he turned about to look at it for the last time. When he saw it, the tears rushed into his eyes, and plentifully ran down his face ; and he exclaimed, “ Ah, poor Kanousky ! a few years ago thou lost thy dear mother, and now thou hast lost all thy friends.” Tears prevented utterance for a few moments : when he could speak, he resumed, “ No, Kanousky, thou hast not lost all thy friends ; thou hast thy best friend, Jesus ; dear Saviour, He is always by thee ; and, O ! thou hast got thy Bible.” As he said this, he drew it out of his pocket, and kissed it ; and then put it to his heart, and pressed it, adding, “ Better to me than all the world. Well, God bless my massa, Joseph, and all the servants ; they have been more kind to me than unkind.”

Ah, reader ! see the spirit and temper of this

lad ; he thought more upon the kindness than upon the ill-will which he had received.

Kanousky walked on, not doubting but that God would take care of him. He had walked a considerable distance on the road towards the town, determining to seek for employment there. Night was now drawing on, and he began to look about for a place to rest. He saw, at the distance of half a mile, some trees ; he made for this spot, and here he resolved to take up his night's repose. When he arrived, he read that portion of Scripture in which an account is given of Jacob's journey from his father's house ; and of his having the earth for his bed, and a stone for his pillow.

To Kanousky it was no great inconvenience to sleep in the open air, as he had frequently done so before, and generally did so when a child. " Well," said the solitary lad, as he read, " God take care of Jacob, God will take care of me, so me lay myself down." He took out from a little bag some provision, and having eaten it, he knelt down and thanked God for all his mercies, and prayed for the forgiveness of all his sins. After this he committed himself to the Divine keeping. He then laid himself down, and soon fell into a sweet sleep, from which he did not awake till the singing of the birds

above him announced that the sun had commenced its daily work of praise to its great Creator.

When he arose, he blessed God for protecting him, and besought Him to be with him through the day, to direct him, and to lead him to some Christian person in the town to which he was going. He now walked forward, and, as he proceeded, ate his bread with thankfulness, not doubting but that he should succeed in obtaining work.



## CHAPTER IX.

## EMPLOYMENT FOUND.

IT was when the sun had reached its meridian that Kanousky entered the town, a stranger, not indeed to all, for he knew Joseph's friends. But he doubted whether they would receive him. They might possibly be of the same spirit as Joseph was ; yet he thought he would venture ; the children had been kind to him, and so indeed was their father. He prayed for direction. He went, determining to

tell the whole truth. With a trembling heart he knocked at the door. The children saw him approaching the house, and rushed to open the door to Kanousky. He was welcomed in, and soon many questions were put to him. Where is Joseph? Why did not he come too? How was his master?

Kanousky replied to them, and told their father his situation, and what had happened. He thanked the children, too, for having taught him to read, and for many little kindnesses he had received from them. At the same time, everything he said was accompanied with so much seriousness and simplicity, and was so unattended by any ill-will or censures, either to his late master or any of his old companions, that though the father of the children, who was a man that respected religion, yet, not a spiritual man, did not implicitly believe all that Kanousky stated to him, neither did he disbelieve it. He told Kanousky he might remain at his house for the present, and in the meantime he would obtain employment for him.

And here for a time did the Indian Christian continue; and, by his obliging conduct and great diligence, soon gained the good-will of his host; so

that it was not very long before he was able to recommend him to a friend who wanted a servant. This friend had repeatedly observed Kanousky's attention and seeming devotion at the chapel ; and he was induced, from what he had seen, and from the account he heard of the reasons which obliged him to quit his old master's service, to engage him in a little farm which adjoined the town. Here Kanousky grew in the esteem of his new master, for, in all he did as a servant, he fulfilled that precept, "Be diligent in business."

In this farm, to his great joy, Kanousky found the servant upon whom the care of it devolved to be a man that, in a scriptural sense, feared God, and who attended the chapel in which he had heard things "new and strange."

The writer of this little narrative must introduce this disciple of the Saviour to the reader by the name of James Irving. With James Irving Kanousky loved to be whenever his employment allowed him ; for whatsoever this man did, he sought to do "all to the glory of God," and thus adorned the religion of Christ in the eyes of our young Indian.

James Irving lived in the little farm-house, with his family, which consisted of his wife and two

daughters. James and his wife were drawing near to forty years of age when Kanousky entered under their roof; his eldest daughter was twelve years of age, and his youngest not more than nine. Every morning, a small portion of that time which was allowed for breakfast was spent in prayer and thanksgiving to the "Father of Mercies." I say a part of that time, because he said that he "had no right to use his master's time for family prayer, since then he would be robbing his master to serve God, and that with such service God would not be well pleased." In the evening, after all labour had ceased, a portion of the Bible was read, and sometimes a few remarks made upon the passage; a hymn sung, and prayer and praise offered to that condescending Being who, though He "dwelleth in the heavens, and filleth all things with Himself," loves to be addressed by His people with sincerity and reverence.

James Irving was not unequally yoked, for his wife was a Christian. On the Sabbath this family went twice to a place of worship, accompanied by Kanousky. The two little girls were exceedingly fond of the Indian, and he was always kind to them. Every day he felt more happy in his new situation; and after he had been there

some time, and had gained the confidence of the family, his heart overflowed with joy and thankfulness on account of his removal from his former master.



## CHAPTER X.

## ADMISSION TO THE ORDINANCES.

KANOUSKY could now read well, and was introduced to the minister of the chapel as a proper person to be baptized, and to be a partaker of that supper instituted by the Saviour.

Great indeed was the joy of the minister when he found, after due examination, that he had every reason to believe Kanousky to be “created anew in Christ Jesus;” and he also blessed the Lord

of all that his ministry had been rendered thus useful.

On the following Sunday Kanousky was baptized, and, further, he received that token of the Redeemer's dying love to His people, the Lord's Supper. As he approached to participate in the great privilege of being a guest at that blessed feast, he seemed absorbed in new reflections upon the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. When he ate the bread, and drank the wine, tears flowed from his eyes; but they were tears of humility, penitence, joy, and thanksgiving. In the use of the means we are taught to expect a blessing when we use them in faith; he received a blessing, "for the Holy Spirit witnessed with his spirit" that he was a child of God.

Kanousky returned home silent, but deeply thoughtful; and his thoughts, as he afterwards declared, were these: "Me happy; me want nothing, me have all me desire in this world; me live here as long as God like, and then me ready, me like to die. Yes, me want one thing, me want a more thankful heart, me want never to sin."

The writer of this little memoir might add much respecting the conversation which took place in

the evening between Kanousky and James Irving, but it would swell these pages to too great an extent.

In the evening, before he retired to rest, as usual he spent some minutes in communing with the blessed God; but if he had ever prayed with more heart than usual, that evening was the time. His heart was like a spring, from whence originates an overflowing stream, for words proceeded wonderfully from his heart; there they arose, and indeed that only is acceptable prayer which issues from the heart.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE MEETING.

FOR several years Kanousky had been living at the farm, in James Irving's family. He had heard very little of his old master and of his former fellow-servants. But as those who are deeply concerned about their own salvation, feel for the spiritual wants of others, he had for some time in secret grieved over the mode of life which his late master and the servants led. He began to make inquiry

after them, and as he heard it was about the time of year when Joseph came to the town, he determined if possible to see him.

He obtained permission to have a holiday, and on that day he called upon the friend who first took him in after he had been turned out of his former master's service. Here he found Joseph, who was very glad to see him; nor was Joseph a little astonished to find Kanousky grown tall and dressed so well, and also to hear him speak so very sensibly on most points. There was something, too, in Kanousky's manner, so obliging, and even polite, that Joseph sometimes doubted whether he was the same Kanousky whom he had known formerly. The Indian had learned from whom he called "dear good Paul," that courtesy was a Christian's duty.

"And how," said Kanousky, "are my good master, and all my good friends, my old fellow-servants?"

"Surely," thought Joseph, "this are strange master and all of us turned him out of house and home, and yet he does not remember the injury, but calls us all good."

"Master," rejoined Joseph, "is very ill; he has a severe fever, and it is very doubtful whether he will recover."

"Oh, I am very sorry," replied the Indian, for he now talked very well, and no longer used the word *me* for I; "how I should like to go and see him."

"Well, if you can get permission, I return in two days, and I shall be truly glad of your accompanying me, provided you are not afraid of the fever."

"I am not afraid, and I will ask leave of my master."

Kanousky then inquired after all the servants by name, and was informed that the fever had, a few days before, carried off one of them from time into eternity. He dropped a tear, and prayed silently, that God would in mercy, for the sake of Jesus Christ, sanctify the afflictive visitation, with which it had pleased Him to afflict his old master's family, to the good of the whole household.

In the evening, when he returned home, he laid his wishes before James Irving, without consulting whom he scarcely did one single thing. James highly approved of Kanousky's desire to see his old master, and failed not at family prayer to seek for God's blessing upon his visit, should he go. Permission was readily granted for Kanousky to accompany Joseph, and his master allowed

him, if he chose, to extend his stay so long as a month.

When the time arrived, Kanousky took an affectionate adieu of James and the family, after having been commended to the care of Almighty God, and set out for the town where Joseph was. But our Indian returned to his old master's house, not as he left it, for we remember then he travelled on foot, whereas now he had the use of one of his master's horses.



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE ILLNESS.

IT was late at night when Joseph and Kanousky arrived at the end of their journey. The family had retired to rest, and they, not willing to disturb the house, laid themselves down to rest upon some loose straw in an outhouse. Kanousky was a long time, though wearied, before he fell asleep; his mind was so full of what had taken place in former years on this spot. And though, indeed, he had

saved some money, yet it did not amount to more than a hundred dollars, still he could not help inwardly exclaiming, when he looked at his decent and respectable dress, as he arose in the morning, “‘ Godliness hath the promise of this life, as well as of that which is to come.’ Since I have served God, how abundantly hath He provided for me.”

When the servants had risen they were all surprised to see Kanousky, and most of them were much pleased to meet him again, though others, when they perceived how respectable an appearance he bore, secretly envied him. But his frankness and kindness, and the affection with which he took their hands, soon dissipated every unpleasant feeling which any of them might entertain towards him.

Joseph was not long before he informed his master of his meeting Kanousky, and of Kanousky expressing a wish to visit him, and that he had brought Kanousky with him.

“ You have!” replied his master; “ how good, how kind of him, poor fellow; let him, if he is not afraid of the fever, come up and see me.”

Kanousky was soon introduced to the sick chamber. As he approached it, he prayed that

God would prosper his visit for good to his late master ; and the nearer he drew to the room, the more fervently did he pray.

When he had entered, he most respectfully bowed, and said, " I am very sorry, my dear master, to see you so ill, and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in coming to see you."

His master, as he lay upon his bed, knew the voice and features of his old servant immediately, though years had made some alteration ; but the words which that young man had just uttered, went to his very heart. He was silent, a tear stole down his cheek ; he considered that he did not merit this kindness ; for he had certainly, to say the least of it, been unkind to Kanousky in turning him out of his house, for no fault whatever.

" Right glad I am to see you, my good lad," said the farmer, " and it is very kind—indeed it is, of you to come so far to see me. Give me your hand, Kanousky," continued he, as he held it forth ; " but no, my lad, you shall not touch it, perhaps you may receive the infection."

" Oh, my dear master, I am not afraid of the fever ; allow me to take your hand." So saying, he took his hand, and pressed it between each of his own.

“ You see me very weak, brought low indeed, but I am hoping to get better soon.”

“ I hope so, too,” said Kanousky.

As Kanousky looked upon his old master, he felt compassion for his lost state of soul, and was longing to be a means of directing him to serious thoughts about eternity. However, he knew not how to commence a conversation upon that subject, which he feared was most unpleasant to the farmer: and yet he thought it was not only his duty to speak upon the necessity of forgiveness of sin, through the merits of Christ, but that it would be most cruel, through false delicacy or fear, to desist from entering on those topics, repentance and faith; since the farmer, if he died without them, would inevitably perish; whereas, by a faithful and affectionate declaration of these truths, he might, under the blessing of God’s Holy Spirit, be everlastingly saved.

In this state of doubt he lifted up his heart to God, to endue him with wisdom and courage. While he was thus musing, the farmer said to him—

“ Kanousky, you look sad; you seem thoughtful; is anything the matter?”

“ Oh, master!” answered the Indian, “ I think

you seem very ill, and I hope God will spare your life some time longer."

"What!" exclaimed the farmer, "do you think me in danger?"

"I do not wish to frighten you by what I have said, master, but——" Here he paused.

"But what?—speak freely, my lad," said the farmer.

"But I think if you get a little worse, you would die; and then I think, where would your soul go?"

"To heaven, I hope."

"So I hope, master; but heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people, and if we are not prepared by God's Holy Spirit, through the merits of Jesus Christ, we cannot go to heaven."

"Well, my lad," returned the farmer, "I am too poorly to talk much at present; you must come again in the evening, and see me."

Thus this man did as thousands do on a bed of sickness; for so soon as a Christian begins to converse upon matters connected with eternity, then they find themselves too ill or too much fatigued to hear what might be said. Indeed, the heart, by nature, does not like these things, or else people would not avoid conversing upon death and judg-

ment; they would be willing rather to suffer a few uneasy hours or days, than remain ignorant of their real state.

As Kanousky left him, he still hoped, as he had broken silence upon his master's danger, and upon the necessity of having repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, that he should be able to resume the conversation at another opportunity.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE RECOVERY.

WHEN the evening came, Kanousky hastened to pay his master a second visit; but, alas! the poor patient was light-headed. His mind wandered from one subject to another, and he scarcely knew his nurse. The next day he was a little better, but too weak to see any one, or even to speak beyond a whisper.

What was to be lamented very much was, that

the nurse was taken ill with the same complaint, which seemed now to be sinking the sick farmer into the bottomless pit. Though she was only slightly attacked, yet such was the panic throughout the house, that though she found every assistance from her young daughter, each one seemed afraid to wait upon the master. Kanousky saw that when a duty was entered upon with reluctance and apprehension, it would be but ill performed. While the servants were all in a state of alarm, and each waited for the other to step forward, Kanousky offered his services, which were gladly accepted by the rest.

Nor was he deficient in his attention to his master; he was by him night and day, barely having repose to support nature. Under his diligence, it pleased the Divine Being to raise up the farmer, who became filled with admiration at Kanousky's tender regard towards him, and whose esteem for the young Indian equalled that admiration. This was not all, for the reader will be delighted to hear that impressions of a spiritual nature were made upon the mind of the farmer. When the farmer inquired of Kanousky how it was that he chose to risk his life as he had done, Kanousky answered, "I placed my life, and do commit

it every day into the hands of my God; and I know, whether I live or die, I am safe."

The impressions made upon the farmer's mind were never afterwards effaced.

But, reader, how wilt thou be affected, when thou hearest that the gracious and faithful Indian began to display symptoms which too truly indicated that he had imbibed the infection? He was taken ill, and though he had a severe attack, yet the strength of his constitution, under the Divine blessing, triumphed over all. And do not be surprised to hear that the man who had befriended him in the early part of this history became his nurse, and declared before all the house, that he "would not mind dying in attending such a Christian as Kanousky." Throughout his illness he evinced to all who saw him that a real Christian need not be afraid of "the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." He proved to them, too, that "to him to live was Christ, and to die is gain."

His old master, and that servant of whom we have just spoken, declared that they wished nothing more than to be such as Kanousky was; and that

they hoped to be such. There are two sorts of hope; there is a “hope that maketh not ashamed,” and there is another hope, respecting which St. John saith, “He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.” They had this latter hope, for the writer of this little history has since heard, that the farmer and his man have for many years “adorned the Gospel of God.”

Kanousky’s illness had detained him longer at the farmer’s than he at first intended to remain. A messenger, however, had been despatched to his master, to inform him of his illness. At length he thought himself sufficiently recovered to return home. When he announced his intention, the farmer was grieved to think of being deprived of him, and would have willingly retained him in his service, but he knew that he must “not covet his neighbour’s servant.” He bade Kanousky visit him as often as convenient, and also to send him, from the town, several bibles and tracts as soon as possible.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE DISCOVERY.

THE morning came when Kanousky was to set out, and a most affectionate parting took place between not only himself and his master, but also between him and some of the servants ; others, indeed, were glad when he went away, for they hoped their master would not, as they said, continue a saint.

He got safe back to James Irving's by the even-

ing, who with his wife gave him a most welcome reception. Over the supper-table Kanousky gave that gracious pair an account of what had taken place at his old master's, for which they afterwards, on their knees, and with overflowing hearts, thanked Him that delighteth to show mercy.

The writer might have given some account of Kanousky's meditations as he journeyed homeward, but if the reader is a Christian, he will guess their nature; if he be not a Christian, a real servant of God, he must know that he spent his time on the day of his journey in admiration of the ways of God, in thankfulness for what had occurred, and in prayer that God would continue His blessing to his old master and his household, and to himself.

About three months after this, a lady of fortune who had business at the town, came thither. She was acquainted with Kanousky's minister, and, in the course of conversation, learned the history of Kanousky. This lady, with her servant, a female, partook of the Lord's Supper the following Sunday. There she saw Kanousky, and she witnessed his fervency. After the service was concluded, she accompanied the minister to his house. That good pastor sometimes invited Kanousky to take a little

refreshment in his kitchen with an old servant, who was the very man that originally invited Kanousky to enter into “large house, where much noise was made.”

While the lady was in the parlour with the minister and his family, they heard a loud shriek issue from the kitchen. It was most grievous, so much so, that master, mistress, and visitor, all ran down stairs. When they had come into the kitchen, they found the lady’s servant fallen on the ground in a swoon, Kanousky standing with his hands clasped, and looking up toward heaven, tears streaming down his face, exclaiming, “Blessed God ! blessed God !” The old man was assisting the poor woman to rise.

“What’s the matter, what’s the matter ?” said the minister, while his wife got some water to bathe the temples of the lady’s servant. The old man, for a moment or two, seemed to be struck dumb, but presently uttered, “He has found his mother, and she has found her son.” The poor woman revived, but she fainted again. At length she was relieved by a flood of tears, and then she called out, “My son, my son !” as she embraced him ; and he exclaimed, “My mother, my mother !”

When the parties from the parlour found her calm, they retired, beckoning the old man to walk away with them. As soon as they had all come into the parlour, the minister said, "Let them indulge their parental and filial affection uninterrupted, and do you, John, tell me what has passed."

John began, and spoke as follows:—"You know, master, I have always loved Kanousky as though he were my own child; and he, I think, has never failed to love me, and to tell me all his heart. Sometimes he has broken forth to me in admiration of God's goodness to him; and this evening, finding that the lady's servant seemed to love God, he talked much of the love of God to his soul, and in the course of conversation, he said he never could thank God enough—no, not through all eternity—for bringing him, an Indian boy, to know the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. When he had said the words, 'an Indian boy,' the woman exclaimed, 'Are you an Indian?' Kanousky replied, 'Yes, I am nothing better.' 'Tell me your history,' said the woman, anxiously. 'I will,' said Kanousky; but oh, sir, he only uttered a few sentences before the woman gave that shriek, and then fell upon Kanousky's neck, crying out, 'My son,

and afterwards fell on the ground, where you saw her ; and I believe he is her son."

Parents, do you read this account ? Children, do you read these pages ? Then I need not describe to you the happy scene that took place between Sazia and her son. Christians, are you my readers ? Then judge of the happiness of these two, when they found each other not only near and dear to each other by the ties of nature, but also by the bands of the Gospel. That evening they praised and blessed the Lord for His mercy and goodness ; and the minister and his household, including Sazia and Kanousky, did likewise.

It was now late, and Kanousky took leave of his mother for the night. It was such an affectionate leave, that all who beheld the scene were deeply affected.

James Irving was much alarmed at Kanousky's being out so late. He had never been out so late before, unless when business called him to the town. At last, as he sat thinking whether he should sit up any longer or retire to rest, he heard footsteps, and opened the door, when he saw Kanousky coming.

" Late to-night," said James, mildly.

" Yes, I am late ; but I have found my mother."

He could say no more. James doubted not a word he said. "Well, my lad, we'll talk about it to-morrow; go to bed, and bless your heavenly Father." The next morning, at breakfast, he told all that had happened the day before, and easily obtained a holiday for the rest of the day, to spend with, as he called her, his Christian mother.

What hath God wrought?

THE END.

---

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

EDITED BY A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL OF  
THE GRACE OF GOD,

## "The Little Gleaner:"

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF RELIGIOUS AND  
GENERAL INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

---

London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row;  
and

W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

# PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING.

Post Free, from the Editor of the *Little Gleaner*, Shefford, Beds. (no other address is necessary), if Six Pennyworth be ordered at one time. (Sold for the benefit of the Clifton Fields Day School, and to keep up a Fund to print Works of Truth.) Stamps should always accompany the order. If any work is ordered that is out of stock, the amount will be sent in some other works from the list.

**Fourteen Sermons.** By the Editor of the *Gleaner*. In a neat volume, 2s. 6d.

**Goodwin's Child of Light.** 2s.

**Cowper's Poems.** 2s.

**The Little Gleaner.** Vols. III., IV., V., VII., and VIII. 1s. 9d. each.

**Bunyan's Choice Works.** 1s. 9d.

**Sacred Musings.** 1s. 6d.

**Memoir of John Payne.** 6d., cloth glt.

**A Volume for all Parents and Teachers.** 1s. 2d.

**Bunyan's Heart's Ease.** 1s.

**Huntington's Works.** In Vols. 1s. each.

**Romaine's Life of Faith.** 1s.

**Bunyan's Grace Abounding.** 1s.

**Hart's Hymns**, large print, verbatim from the original edition. 1s.

**Deaf and Dumb Disciple.** 3d.; 4d.; cloth, 6d.

**Shefford Lectures**, 5 in case, 6d.

**History of the Martyrs.** 6d.

**Flavel's Balm for Mourners.** 6d.

**Memoir of Thomas Wilson.** 3d., stiff covers; 6d., cloth gilt.

**Memoir of William Devonshire.** 3d., covers; 6d., cloth gilt.

**Hymns of Truth for Home and School Twelfth thousand.** Cloth, 3d.; or, 2s. 6d. per doz. 137 sound Hymns.

**Pilgrimage.** A Sermon. 2d.

**Death, the Believer's Gain.** 2d.

**Memoir of Samuel Wyke Kilpin.** Written by his Father. 2d.

**The Gospel of Peace.** A Sermon. 2d.

**The Spirits of the Just.** A Sermon. 2d.

**The First Theft.** 2d.; or, 7 for 1s.

**S. James and E. Shorter.** 1½d., or 9d. per dozen.

One Penny each, or Seven for Sixpence.

**Ralph Erskine's Catechism.**

Conversion.

**Joseph Page.**

The Great White Throne.

**Memoir of James Vine.**

"Thou that Hearest Prayer."

**The Mighty Cross.**

Lizzy Green; or, Thou Shalt not Steal.

**An Awful Tale.**

Emma Simmons.

**Self Knowledge.**

The Murder Prevented.

**Sarah Goodwin and her Boys.**

Edwin Gordane.

**Caroline Fagg.**

Brief Account of Matilda Carrier.

**William Salisbury.**

Some Good Thing.

**A Time to Dance.**

[blies.]

**Martha Drakeford.**

Hymns for Home and Small Assem-

**The Brevity of Human Life.**

An Awful Tale.

**"After This."**

Patsy and the 'Squire.

**"The Way of Escape."**

*The Little Gleaner.* Monthly.

One Halfpenny each, or Fourteen for Sixpence.

**Illness and Death of Mrs. Buckland.**

"Am I Welcome to the Saviour?"

**Elizabeth Miller.**

Sarah Clews.

**Erskine's Catechism.** New Edition.

The Sower. Monthly.

**CLIFTON TRACTS**, Four a Penny, or Twenty-five for Sixpence, or 1s. 6d. per 100. 36 different sorts.

**SMALL SEEDS**, Four a Penny, or Thirty for Six Stamps, or 1s. 6d. per 100.

**HALFPENNY TRACTS**, Twenty-five for One Shilling, or 4s. per 100.

**THE SOWER**, monthly. Price One Halfpenny, or 4s. per 100.

Payment in Stamps must accompany each order.

**THE LITTLE GLEANER**, an Illustrated Magazine for the Young. Monthly. One Penny.

Cases to bind *The Little Gleaner*, 6d. each.



